

The Forc'd Marriage!

Or, Unfortunate Celia.

*When Old Fools do a wooing go to those
who are Young-girls, they Court their cruel foes,
The Old man sees he can't prevail with tongue,
But finds t'at young ones, love to sport with young :
He to the Virgins Parents makes redress,
And doth the number of his Bags express ;
Which takes away her Fathers heart by stealth,
He weds her not to him, but to his wealth.
Which being done, she loaths his weak embraces,
And throws her self on Ruinous Disgraces.*

Tune, Since Celia's my Foe.



T What great distress
Without hopes of redress,
I am brought
without Thought
of a better success.
Poor Celia's undone,
And all joys from her gone,
By her Fate
came ill fate,
which poor she could not shun.
My Parents unkind,
And with wealth too much blind
Made me marry,
and miscarry,
against my own mind.
I lov'd one before,
But they thought him too poor,
They forc'd me,
and divorc'd me
for seeing him more.

I have now got a man
I must love if I can,
But I fear
my first dear,
I must love now and then.
If I chance to transgress,
As I shall you may guess,
You may shame me,
not blame me,
for not loving him less.
My Husband's a sot,
Deform'd, and what not,
All Day
He's at play,
with his pole o're a pot.
Whilst I sit at home,
Like a poor silly wome,
Still crying,
and dying,
till my dearest doth come.

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Vol 2
58



When my fumbler's in bed, If my father do chide,
 & has laid down his head, And his kindnesse hide,
 He lies
 with clos'd eyes,
 just though he was dead.
 Why should he repine,
 If I spend store of coyn,
 to assist
 whom I list,
 in my pleasures to joyn.
 My friends are all mad,
 If at this they grow sad,
 Why did
 they forbid,
 him that I would have had.
 'Tis a dangerous disease,
 A young woman to displease,
 All matching
 is catching,
 and is seldom at ease.
 I care not who knows,
 Be they friends or false foes,
 I'll Delight,
 day and night,
 in spight of their Poles.
 My first Love has my heart,
 And from him I'll ne'r part,
 though I'm wed,
 Yet in bed,
 he shall have the best part.

No anger
 nor danger
 my love shall divide.
 My mother does know,
 I have oft told her so,
 The old sot
 I lov'd not
 when he first came to wooe.
 'Tis a thousand to one
 That before I have done,
 I'll deceive him,
 and leave him,
 to himself all alone.
 He venture the same,
 Of a scandalous name,
 Before
 I'll give o're,
 to love one of the game.
 He be happy and poor,
 With the man I adore,
 Since fate
 makes me hate,
 the old fop that hath sto'e.
 'Twas the ignorant curle,
 Of for better, for worse,
 Did me tye,
 till I die,
 to be true to his purse.

He venture my lot,
 And get free from my Sot,
 Young blood
 does me good,
 now my spirits are hot.
 Let Parents conclude,
 I be have my self rude,
 Their will
 to fulfil,
 did my reason delude.
 Let each pritty Maid,
 Who hath heard what I've said,
 take care
 and beware,
 lest by force she's betrayd.
 Let Parents provide,
 For each daughter a Bride,
 That nothing
 Of loathing,
 their loves may divide.

FINIS.

With Allowance, R. L. Strange.

By W. P.

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